

A WOMAN'S NERVES.

The Story of a Woman to Whom Noise Was Torture.

Continued from the Last Column—Phyllis, Missed by Her Case.

(From the Gate City, Kootak, Iowa.)

Mrs. Helen Meyers, whose home is at 3515 Vernon Avenue, Chicago, and whose visit to Kootak, Ia., will long be remembered, was at one time afflicted with a nervous malady which at times drove her nearly to distraction. "Noise terrible headaches are a thing of the past," she said the other day to a Gate City representative, "and there is quite a story in connection with it, too."

My nervous system sustained great shock some fifteen years ago, brought on, I believe, through too much worrying over family matters, and then allowing my love for my books to get the better of my discretion where my health was concerned. Why, whenever my affairs at home failed to give up just as I expected, I would invariably become prostrated from the excitement, and I would consider myself fortunate indeed if the effects of the attack would not remain for a week or two. I tried to give up my pleasant home for one on the Lake Shore drive, because I could not stand the noise in that locality. I could find no place in the city which I deemed suitable to one whose nervous system was always on the point of explosion. To add to my misfortunes my complexion underwent a change, and I looked so yellow and sallow that I was ashamed to venture from the house at all.

"When," said my doctor to me soon after an unusually severe attack of the malady, "unless you leave the city and seek some place of quiet you will never recover." So I concluded I would visit my uncle, who lives in Dallas County, Iowa, and whose farm would surely be a good place for me in my pitiable condition. I picked up the Gate City one day and happened to come across an interesting recital of the recovery of some woman in New York State who was afflicted as I had been. This woman had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I thought that if Pink Pills cured that woman they might do the same for me. I began to take the pills according to directions, and I began to feel better from the start. After I had taken several boxes of them I was ready to go back to Chicago. My nervousness was gone and my complexion was as fresh as that of any sixteen-year-old girl in Iowa, and Pink Pills is what put the color in my cheeks. No wonder I am in such a happy and contented state like a prizefighter. And no wonder I like to come to Kootak, for if it had not been for Pink Pills I should have been dead. I would not have been alive now, laughing and smiling as I do.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, and may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

CLIPPED HUMOR.

BLOOMER—"Is the policeman on your bent square?" Slob—"I don't know. He's never round."—Philadelphia Record.

"If anybody ever catches me strolling," said Mr. Dolan, "I'll be whin O'm out av em'lymint an' bo' nothin' better to do."—Washington Star.

"What on earth are you doing with that little watering-can, Tom?" "Sprinkling the baby's head so his hair'll sprout."—Harper's Young People.

"I HAVE rented my room to a student who pays his rent regularly, studies all day, and never goes to the tavern." "Oh, get out! he's no student."—Fillegood Blatter.

It sleep knits up the ravelled sleeve of care, sleep must have its hands full when it begins operations on the sleeve in which the ladies now environ themselves.—Boston Transcript.

A flow-word question—"Suppose," said little Mabel the other day, "that our pug should try to follow his nose; would he run down his throat, or would he just turn a back somersault?"—Puck.

"I WANT to introduce you to Mrs. Belladonna. She is one of the 'new women,' you know." "Which kind—the woman with a put or the one with a future?"—Indianapolis Journal.

KATHERINE—"I say, doctor, tell me what the difference is between the grip and a cold really is." Dr. Pilem (in a confidential tone)—"The doctor's fees. People don't call a physician for a cold."—Buffalo Courier.

PRYNN—"Isn't there a good deal of poppy-cock in those stories about authors living in attics?" Wright—"Oh, I presume so; but not nearly so much as in those tales about their living on their first story."—Hartford Press.

GRASS IS KING!

Grass rules. It is the most valuable crop of America, worth more than either corn or wheat. Luxurious meadows are the farmers' delight. A positive way to get them, and the only one we know, is to sow Salzer's Extra Grass Mixtures. Many of our farmer readers prize them and say they get 4 to 6 tons of magnificent hay per acre from Salzer's seeds. Over one hundred different kinds of Grass, Clover and Fodder Plant seeds are sold by Salzer.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with 7c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get a sample of GRASS-CLOVER MIXTURE and their mammoth seed catalogue free. [K]

ORIGIN OF NAMES.

GREENLAND was so called because in summer its hills were covered with a beautiful green moss.

KURDISTAN was so called because the ruling tribe in its plains and mountains was that of the Kurds.

BRITANNY was so called from the fact that for many centuries it was claimed by the kings of Britain.

NORMANDY was thus named because it was conquered and inhabited by the Norseman or Normans.

ITALY was so called from the name of Italus, an early king who governed most of the peninsula.

SCROFULA

Miss Della Stevens, of Boston, Mass., writes: "I have always suffered from hereditary scrofula, for which I tried various remedies, but none relieved me. After taking a bottle of SSS I am now well. I feel that it saved me from a life of suffering and misery. I shall take pleasure in speaking only words of praise for the wonderful medicine, and in recommending it to all. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to any address."

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CHAPTER III—CONTINUED.

The man burst the door open with one powerful thrust, and they entered. The pillow was tumbled, and there was a rumpled handkerchief, still damp from tears. A little round depression at the foot of the bed showed where the dog had lain. De Restaud looked in her wardrobe. He knew she wore that yellow silk; she persisted in that since the stranger had been there. Her very small shoes were all in a row—an untidy one at that. She had worn her little brown slippers. And here, Annette vowed for this, were all her hats and wraps. She had no money, he was sure of that. Did not Hannah Patten tell him she had refused to give Minny money, for fear the child might run away and get into trouble? He hated Hannah Patten, but he knew her to be honest. There was one man who would dare aid her—that stranger, with his cool gray eyes and contemptuous glance. It was all the sense Minny had, to go to this strange stranger for help; and he would help her; was she not young and pretty and a fool? De Restaud was very white now, and eddily cool. He went to his room for his pistols. His friends, awakened by Lewis, were looking at the landing of their. Annette had hurriedly prepared coffee which the men drank standing up. Louis brought the horses around.

"Shall I come, monsieur?" he asked, eagerly.

"No; you would be needed if I did not return. You will tell the general. If my suspicions are true, I shall kill that man, or he will kill myself. But I will be sure, and all of you wait until I tell you to act. I intend to make no mistakes."

The five men galloped down the road in a haze of golden dust. It was eleven o'clock, and Mme. de Restaud had been gone as many hours. She had a long start on her way, and they might ride far and fast to find her. Dr. John, in his flowered dressing-gown, but without his embroidered cap, sat before the closed door of the lean cabin. He was smoking peacefully, and seemed to regard the five strangely-acting men in the road as a pleasing part of the landscape. De Restaud, leaving his companions some little distance away, rode close to the cabin.

"Mr. Oliver is, of course, within?" he said, politely.

The doctor looked up at the pallid face with its blazing eyes, the working lips, the clinched hand, the frightful controlled passion of the man, and answered, calmly, withdrawing his pipe: "Of course."

"It is alone?"

"I think so. His man is cleaning the guns back of the house."

"Mr. Oliver he sleep very late," hissed the Frenchman, forgetting his English in his wrath and muttering something in his own language.

"He do," said the doctor, ungrammatically, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I must ask you, sir, to wake your friend. I have business with him."

"And I must answer, sir, I am very sorry, but I know his temper, and I do not care to wake my friend. He is not, as your nation say, tres aimable when awakened from slumber."

"I do not come here to quarrel with you," cried the Frenchman, "but with him."

"It would require two to quarrel, Mr. de Restaud, and I am a peaceable man. Therefore I may say I do not wake Mr. Oliver for business."

"It is his belief, old man, you are lying. Oliver is not in your house."

"It is his house; let us at least be correct. Suppose you question his man; he may be willing to wake Mr. Oliver. Or you may settle your business with him, Mike, Mike, I say."

As the big fellow came around the house, grinning sheepishly, the doctor picked up his book.

"Here, or, as your nation say, voice be heard now. He is your nation, monsieur. With your pardon, I will resume my chapter."

He received no answer. De Restaud, seeing Mike had a fine rifle in his hand, went back to the waiting men, and they had a conference which ended in all riding closer to the house.

"Do tell your master M. de Restaud desires to see him," said De Restaud, angrily. "I will endure no impudence. Do as I tell you."

"I'm sorry, sir," said Mike, humbly, "deed I am, fur I'd like to oblige ye, but him an' me set up till late."

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doctor rising. "I should have been very glad to have helped the young lady escape from your care; any true man would have been. You are rating the settlers here very low, monsieur. Unfortunately, all we hear of you does not point to your making either a happy or a safe home for a good woman. But up your revolver! I am not at all afraid of the ranchmen here, are friendly to me. Now, if you desire, dismount, and I myself will show you through the house."

"Humph! you've changed all of a sudden," granted one of the men.

"I have always held," said the doctor, pleasantly, "that a man who could not change an opinion was a bigot. Obstinacy is often ignorance. Your errand being such a serious one has quite convinced me that it is not only right but my duty to wake Mr. Oliver."

In his heart the doctor was thinking: "That certainly was Craig I heard in the house; he has got back, and must have heard what I said. His window is open."

"I shall wake Mr. Oliver, then," he said, loudly, as they dismounted and went into the house, "but I shall not be responsible for his profanity. Craig, open your door, please."

The doctor rapped, but his heart stood still. If Oliver should not be there! The bolt shot back, and the man, half dressed, with bloodshot eyes, disordered hair, and a dazed sort of manner, appeared in the doorway.

"What in — is all the row?" he said, angrily. "You must keep me up all night and wake me in an unearthly hour in the morning. What do they want?"

"Mr. de Restaud's wife is missing. They desire to search your house. Here, gentlemen, is a camp-bed, a trunk and one chair. The lady is not here. Shall we keep on?"

Craig lay back on the bed and drew his traveling-rug over him.

"They have my permission," he said, sleepily. "There's a cellar underneath, and one small barn. Look well under the hay. So you've wife has gone, Mr. de Restaud? Perhaps her only relative has had feeling enough to save the poor little thing and has taken her from your guardianship. I fancy you would not care to have that looked into too closely; and if I were you, speaking now as a lawyer, I would not advertise this affair too widely. Your wife might, you know, be persuaded to come back."

The doctor, fearing the consequences, shut the door hastily and led his visitors away. They searched the premises closely, but, not knowing of the backdoor, did not miss it, and the Mexican's good little beast, a father of foam, was hidden in a grove of pines a quarter of a mile away.

Shortly after his guests had mounted their horses in sullen silence and galloped away, Oliver, newly shaven and carefully dressed, came out in the sunlight. He was ghastly pale, and staggered as he walked.

"I've had Mike make me some coffee," he said, sinking in a chair. "Gad, I've played out. I wasn't five hours coming back; and I'm a heavy man for the horse. I'd like to own him. I can't sleep; too tired, I suppose. Besides, I was a little worried. Where is our friend?"

"Gone," said the doctor, laconically. "And now, Craig, as questions are in order, where is the Troublesome lady?"

"On her way to Maine, I hope."

"If you are not honest in the matter that man will kill you."

"I have lived long enough on the frontier, do to know that threatened men live long are safe. I did help Mrs. de Restaud escape; you'd have done the same. She came with great purple marks on her throat, in a pitiful state of terror. She is as innocent as a child, utterly ignorant of the world. Only such a woman would have stayed here so long. Any ranchman here with daughters of her own would have helped her. They know what he is, and they are chivalrous men. She came to me because—because—"

"Craig, it's the old story. I don't doubt you're in the right this time—I'd have helped her too—but you had to say sweet things and make love to her. You needn't shake your head; you can't help it."

"On my honor, Dr. John, all that long way I thought of her as of my own little sister sleeping in the old graveyard of the village I left twenty years ago. The man who remembers a child sister would have thought only of her, of the purest things, with little Minny. She has your embroidered cap, old chap, and you will treasure it as a relic of lovely woman if ever she returns the loan."

"But you're not a married man, Craig," said the doctor, plaintively, "and women can be aggravating, especially little ones with red hair, as Mike says she's got. There must be something on the Frenchman's side."

"Lanacy. There is my coffee at last. We'll go for elk to-morrow instead of to-day; I hear there are some on Sixty's peak."

"But, Craig," said the doctor, as the other stretched out his tall length and walked wearily to the house, "there's the Mexican who will bring back your team and whose horse you had; he might tell."

"I have bought him at a good price," said Oliver, carelessly. "Still, if he does tell, if the Frenchman pays more, why then the Frenchman's side. I will settle it. If one is to sleep to-day or a half century hence, what matters it? I like life, but I am not shirking death."

CHAPTER IV.

"If I ever become poor and friendless, and should be peering along the streets of a city about six o'clock at night and the smell of fried onions were wafted towards me, I should become a criminal. I would steal," said

Doctor John, firmly, "so that I also might have them."

"Rather a lowly taste," said Oliver, lazily. They had been to the top of Sixty's peak for elk all that day, but found no sign of one, only a young antelope, the chops of which, with the fried onions, Mike was cooking for supper.

The doctor, radiant in his flowered dressing gown, but, alas! minus his beautifully-embroidered cap, stirred the tobacco in his pipe and leaned comfortably back in his chair.

"Don't scorn onions, Craig. I know you better. Here in this desolate region, miles away from womenkind, you positively revel in 'em."

"Womenkind?" Oliver asked, vaguely.

"The vegetable, fortunately. Your thirst for tobacco, your senseless haste to return to Denver, your restlessness, are bad signs. I've entered our paradise, and back we go to civilization to-morrow, because we expect a letter from her. I shall prescribe for

you a dose of moral reflections, with references to celebrated authors of the sort I have heard you discuss with disgust."

"How far imagination will carry a man—almost to idiosyncrasy," murmured Oliver.

"The question," continued the doctor, plaintively, as if he had not heard, "is, what are you going to do? You meant well; I should no doubt have assisted the Troublesome lady—not driving so far or so fast, perhaps. But your honest Mexican accomplice rode his 'groda beasta' to Parkville last night, and he and the well-mannered Louis were amiably intoxicated together. Monsieur is probably well informed of all that took place."

"Which was little enough. I would have told him; but I had no desire to quarrel with him, or perhaps fight a ridiculous French duel over a young woman I had only seen twice, and both of us duellists possibly landed in jail for breaking the peace by some sagacious sheriff."

"I would not go your bail, either, my friend," smiled Dr. John. "I would like to see you shut up awhile; you've sent enough to prison walls in your time. If I don't mistake—passers are few this lonely way, and his horse was a room—here comes the Mexican and his 'groda beasta,' also a nondescript creature following, who I hope is not the Troublesome lady returning."

"Your judgment in matters pertaining to female kind is not accurate," said Oliver, who had jumped up anxiously at the doctor's words. "This is an elderly, grumpy and tall female, and she sits that mule as gingerly as if he were liable to go out from under her any moment. Do you know, I half believe that is Aunt Hannah."

"Didn't know you had relatives," said the doctor, following Oliver to the road.

"I haven't. Mrs. Minny has; and if the old lady is seeking her, where is the young lady, and what kind of a difficulty have I got myself into? She looks warlike enough."

"I have brought a lady from the railroad," said the Mexican, obsequiously. "She comes a M. de Restaud. He sent a here for Madame."

"So you told him I had taken her to the train?" Oliver said, quickly, a dangerous light in his gray eyes. "You were a fool. I shall come here again, and I can pay more than the Frenchman. I would even have bought that horse of yours at your most exorbitant price."

"You had not enough money for to buy my horse, senior. He is not race horse. He haf win grand mon-ney for me. I leaf ze lady with you; my mule he tire, she yell all ze way and bump zerrond."

While he spoke, the old lady, with more haste than elegance, slid to the ground, unfastened a carpet-bag tied to her saddle, straightened her black alpaca skirt, and delivered a five-dollar bill to her guide.

"All you'll get," she said, in a high-pitched nasal voice, "if you talk long enough. I ain't to home in a kentry where my native tongue is butchered as you do it, and that's all I'll pay you, if you talk balderdash all night."

"Si, senora," gasped the Mexican.

"Yes, I do see; and I've a mind to report your insolence to the authorities, for that 'see' is all I've got out of you the whole way. And if we ain't longed over respectable meadows and everlasting hills this day, and barren wastes, to last me till I die. When I git back east I'll hate to look at the settin' sun for getting reminded of this journey an' Minny's misfortunes here. Now, be being gone, misters," she said, abruptly, as Juan rode rapidly away, "that Warn, as he calls himself—which of you is the man that made the mischief in my nephew by marriage's family?"

It was rather an embarrassing question. The doctor politely requested that she sit down and rest, as she seemed much flustered, and they could talk more comfortably. After a sharp glance at him she consented, sitting carefully in a chair with a groan. She was a tall, raw-boned woman, flat as an ironing-board, tanned and wrinkled, with strong features, a mass of untidy gray hair and handsome blue eyes with a sly twinkle in them as if she could see a joke and make one, too. Somehow the barren life of New England brings wit and pathos to the surface; of the first, the driest, quaint sort, as of the other the saddest and most hopeless. Her ungloved hands were work-worn and large-knuckled, hands of that pride of the village, a good housekeeper and one who has flowers in summer of her own tending. She pushed an unstable bonnet she wore back on her head and looked at Oliver severely.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Back with Rich Trophies. Last spring notice was made in these columns that Mr. Henry A. Salzer, of the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., America's leading Seed, Grover, and Merchants, was in Europe in search of rare seeds and novelties for the American farmer and citizen.

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This wide-awake firm is in the van, and their catalogue, which is sent you for 5 cents postage, would be cheap at \$1 per copy.

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